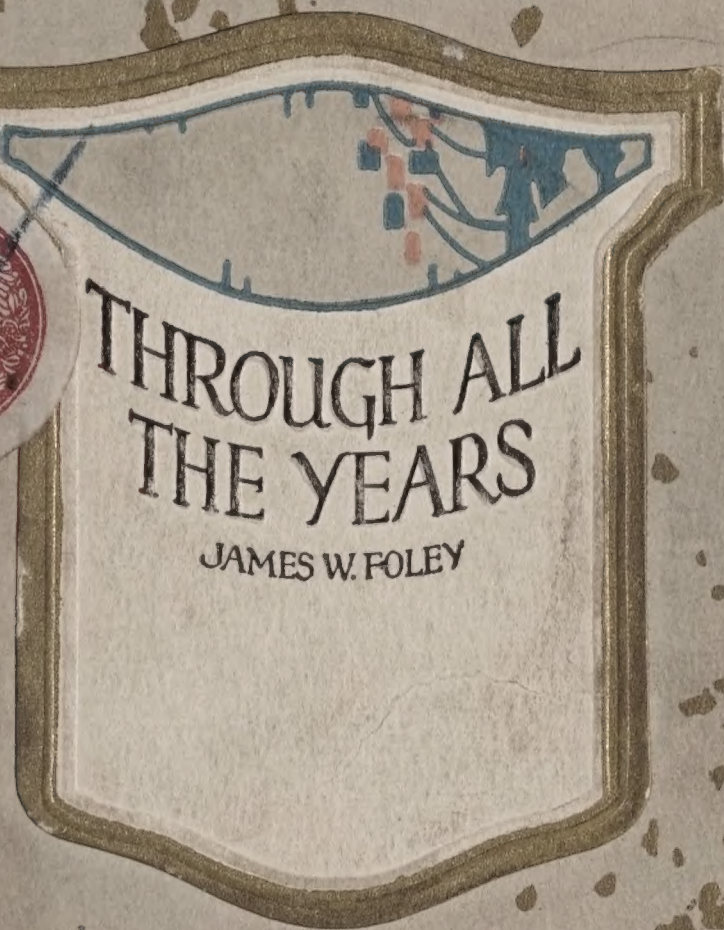
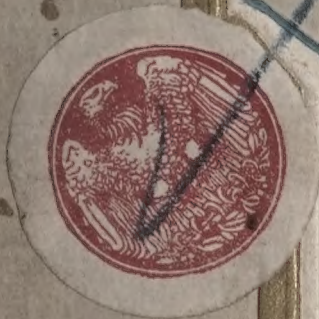


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THROUGH ALL
THE YEARS

JAMES W. FOLEY



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THROUGH ALL THE YEARS

By
JAMES W. FOLEY



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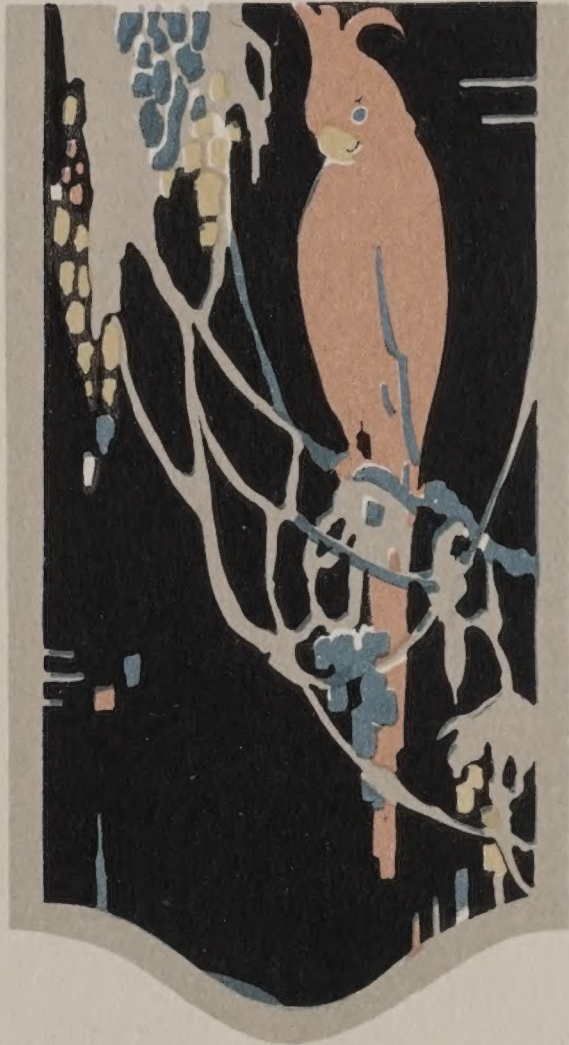
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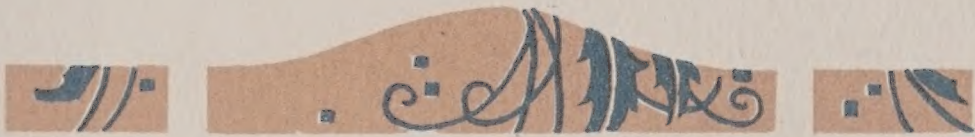
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فقه اللغة





TIME is just a little
fleeter;
Friendship just a little sweeter,
And the fruits of memory
mellow
As the years and years go
by.
Old friends seem a little
dearer;
Hearts to hearts a little
nearer,
When the leaves turn red
and yellow
Underneath the Autumn
sky.

قلم





DREAMS with recollection
tender
Fill the heart with richer
splendor,
As the light gleams soft
in falling
Through some old cathedral
dome ;
And, to faults a little
blinder,
We grow just a little kinder,
And the dream that's call=
ing, calling,
Is of old friends and of
home.

قوله العت .





FRIENDS we cling to may
be fewer,
But the love for them is truer,
For we know life's richest
treasure
To be friendship that en-
dures,
And the old friends all grow
dearer
As we see with eyes grown
clearer
That joy's gladdest, fullest
measure
Is a friendship such as
yours.

شقة العنة





SO I smile a little
longer,
And the pull's a little
stronger

On my heart strings
as I sit and
dream

Of some old friend and
true

With my eyes a little brighter,
And my heart a little lighter,
For the mellow lights
of memory
gleam

Along the trail to you.

۱۱ . قلمی . ۱۲



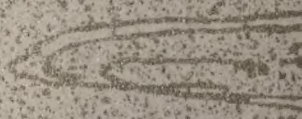


AND if time's a little
fleeter,
Friendship's just a little
sweeter,
And the story of its
splendor

Always old and ever new;
How the years make old
friends dearer,
Hearts to hearts a little
nearer

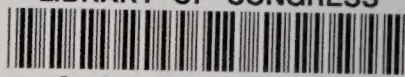
Till with friendship grown
more tender

I am telling this to you.





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